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BRUBAKER
LARK
D'ARMATA

DAREDEVIL

THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

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DIRECT EDITION

$2.99 US $4.25 CAN

HELL'S KITCHEN, NEW YORK CITY

It's not a nice place anymore.

Okay...it was never **that** nice a place, but now...

...Now, it's not even a **safe** place.

My city...

My city has gone to hell.

It's like a rabid dog, escaped from the pound...

...Half-scared, half-psychotic... Running wild.

Running with the junkies and the mobsters and the killers.

Ready to tear the throat right out of Hell's Kitchen all over again.

And all of this, this rapid fall from grace... it's all my fault.

Because I'm not there to stop it.

THAT WAS *SO* KILLER.

YOU SEE THAT *KICK?* YOU GET THAT?

DID I GET IT? THAT KICK'S GONNA PUT ME THROUGH *COLLEGE,* MAN...

YO. WAIT A SEC--

ISN'T DAREDEVIL SUPPOSED TO BE IN *PRISON?*

My city has gone to hell...

ATTORNEY MATT MURDOCK WAS BLINDED AS A CHILD, BUT HIS OTHER FOUR SENSES FUNCTION WITH SUPERHUMAN SHARPNESS AND FORM A RADAR SENSE. WITH AMAZING FIGHTING SKILLS, HE STALKS THE STREETS AT NIGHT, IN RELENTLESS PURSUIT OF JUSTICE AS **DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!**

THE DEVIL IN CELL-BLOCK D

PART ONE

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One month and one day.

32 days in Rykers, so far... with who knows how many more to come.

Foggy managed to get me into the **protected** wing, but it doesn't help. My heightened senses can't get used to this place.

Even from behind three feet of solid concrete, it's overwhelming...

...the stench...

...the noise.

I can't sleep in here.

Not for more than ten minutes at a time.

And it's not as if the convicts in Protected Custody are any better than the ones in Gen Pop.

They're just more mentally broken...

...more scared and victimized...

...or so low on the rungs of society that they'd be killed the minute they set foot in the yard.

But they aren't nice people...even the teenager down the hall who never stops crying is a murderer and drug addict.

And the guards are just as bad. Either drunk with power, corrupt...

Or the type who just look the other way.

Mostly though, they just seem cold, cruel...

HEY, DAREDEVIL... YOU MISS COUNT LAST NIGHT?

I'VE TOLD YOU A NUMBER OF TIMES, C.O. GRUBER, I'M **NOT** DAREDEVIL.

YEAH, *PRISNEYLAND* HERE'S ALL FULL'A INNOCENT MEN.

STILL, SHOULD SEE TODAY'S *BUGLE.*

I'M BLIND.

YEAH, RIGHT... *SUUURE.*

I'LL JUST LEAVE THIS...MAYBE 'TARDO NEXT DOOR'LL READ IT TO YOU IF HE WAKES UP.

YOU REALIZE I'M HERE *PENDING* TRIAL, GRUBER? I HAVEN'T ACTUALLY BEEN *CONVICTED* OF ANYTHING.

DO I REALIZE--? YOU TALKIN' OUT THE SIDE OF YOUR *NECK,* MURDOCK?

DO *YOU* REALIZE THAT YOU'RE A #?$%ING PRISONER IN A FEDERAL PENITENTIARY?

DO YOU REALIZE THAT I DON'T GIVE A *RAT'S @$$* WHY YOU'RE HERE?

YOU'RE JUST ANOTHER *FISH* GOT NOTHIN' COMING. NOTHIN' *NICE,* AT LEAST, WHAT I HEAR...

AND WHAT EXACTLY *DO* YOU HEAR?

WORD ON THE WIRE IS YOU AIN'T *MAKIN' IT* TO NO TRIAL, DAREDEVIL...

...NOT THAT THE FEDS'RE IN ANY KINDA *HURRY* TO *SCHEDULE* ONE.

Gruber's heart skips like mad around me, so scared of what I might be...

But he's right about the Feds dragging their feet on my case.

Foggy refused to waive my right to a speedy trial, but the Government's definition of haste comes from a different dictionary than everyone else's.

Poor Foggy. Trying so hard to fight this landslide that's become my life.

WHAT THE HELL...?

DAILY BUGLE

MURDOCK BEHIND BARS; DAREDEVIL FREE?

"NO. I'M SORRY, FOGGY..."

NELSON & MURDOCK
ATTORNEYS AT LAW

...BUT THAT'S JUST NOT GOING TO CUT IT. I'M COMING TO YOU AS A FRIEND HERE, *NOT* A REPORTER.

DAILY BUGLE
MURDOCK BEHIND BARS, DAREDEVIL STILL FREE!

AND I'M TELLING YOU THE *TRUTH*, BEN. WHAT MORE CAN I DO?

I DON'T KNOW *ANYTHING* ABOUT THIS DAREDEVIL.

PRETTY *CONVENIENT*, THEN, ISN'T IT?

MATT'S LOCKED UP, WAITING TO GO ON TRIAL FOR, BASICALLY, BEING *DAREDEVIL*, REGARDLESS OF WHATEVER THEY ACTUALLY *CHARGE HIM* WITH...

...AND SUDDENLY SOME KID JUST *HAPPENS* TO GET THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR, *HIMSELF*, ON FILM.

I *KNOW*, BEN, BUT I SWEAR TO YOU I'M *NOT* TRYING TO POISON THE JURY POOL.

THEN WHO *IS*?

BECAUSE YOU AND I *BOTH* KNOW--

THAT I SHOULDN'T EVEN BE *HAVING* THIS CONVERSATION.

OH, *RIGHT*... I'M HERE AS A FRIEND, BUT YOU'RE *ALWAYS* A LAWYER?

YEAH.

SO FORGIVE ME IF I HAVE *ETHICAL* CONCERNS, AS WELL AS THE WELFARE OF MY *BEST FRIEND* TO THINK ABOUT.

YOU CROSSED THE ETHICS LINE A ***LONG TIME*** AGO, FOGGY. WHY START WORRYING NOW?

I HAVE ***NOT!***

OKAY, MAYBE NOT IN THE "LOSING YOUR LICENSE TO PRACTICE LAW" SENSE, ***YET***...BUT YOU KNOW YOU'VE CROSSED A LINE.

THE QUESTION IS HOW ***FAR*** YOU'RE GOING TO ***GO*** ACROSS IT.

ARE YOU GOING TO LIE IN ***COURT***, TOO? ARE YOU GOING TO PUT MATT ON THE STAND AND ***SUBORN PERJURY?***

WOULD YOU MAYBE, JUST ***MAYBE***, EVEN GO SO FAR...

...AS TO GET SOME FRIEND OF HIS TO RUN AROUND HELL'S KITCHEN IN ***RED TIGHTS?***

I MEAN, WHERE DOES IT ***END?*** RIGHT AT THE EDGE OF THE LEGAL LINE?

HE'S NOT A CRIMINAL. WHAT THEY'RE DOING TO HIM IS ***WRONG.***

YOUR JOB IS ABOUT THE ***LAW***, FOGGY, ***NOT*** ABOUT ***JUSTICE.***

NO, MY JOB IS ABOUT PROTECTING MY ***CLIENT.***

WHICH BRINGS US BACK TO MY QUESTION. IF ***YOU'RE*** NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS NEW DAREDEVIL, THEN WHO IS?

WHO BENEFITS ***BESIDES*** YOUR CLIENT?

WELL, I GUESS, THE *BUGLE* BENEFITS, SINCE THEY SOLD OUT ALL OVER TOWN TODAY.

OKAY... *DON'T* TALK TO ME. BUT ANYTHING I FIND ON MY OWN IS *FAIR GAME.*

I WOULDN'T EXPECT ANY LESS... NOT FROM YOU.

WHAT THE HELL IS *THAT* SUPPOSED TO MEAN?

THAT YOU'RE A FRIEND WHEN IT'S *CONVENIENT,* BEN...

...IN BETWEEN THE HEADLINES.

DAMN IT.

ARE YOU OVER *HERE* NOW?

IS SOMETHING WRONG?

YEAH...YEAH, THERE'S ***PLENTY*** WRONG.

AND I TOLD YOU ***ALREADY***, I DON'T NEED ***YOU*** ADDING TO IT. LAST THING I NEED IS SOMEONE ***SEEING*** ME TALKING TO ***YOU*** RIGHT NOW.

I WAS JUST TRYING--

STOP. I DO NOT WANT TO KNOW. DO YOU ***UNDERSTAND*** ME?

WHOEVER YOU ***ARE***, WHATEVER YOU'RE ***DOING***...I DO ***NOT*** WANT TO ***KNOW***.

I DON'T ADVOCATE YOUR ACTIVITIES AND I AM NOT AFFILIATED WITH YOU.

I DON'T EVEN WANT TO HEAR YOUR ***VOICE*** IN CASE I MIGHT RECOGNIZE IT.

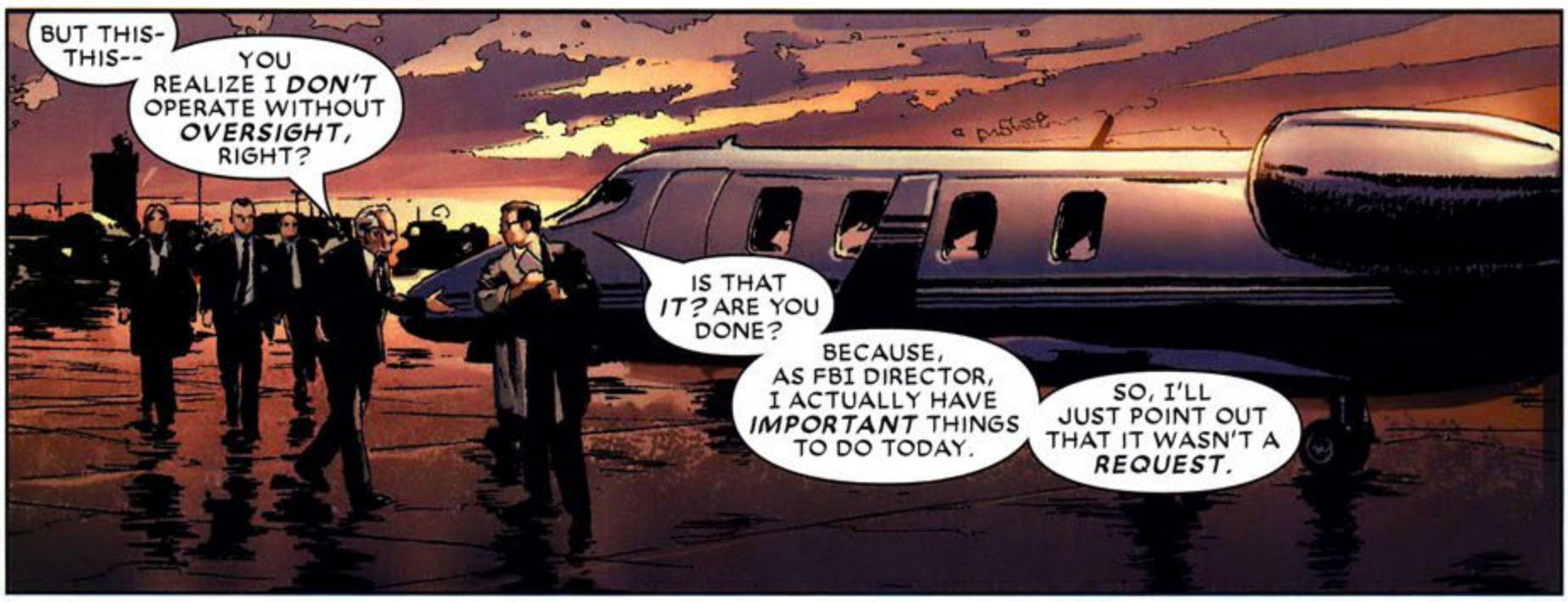
ARE WE ***CLEAR?***

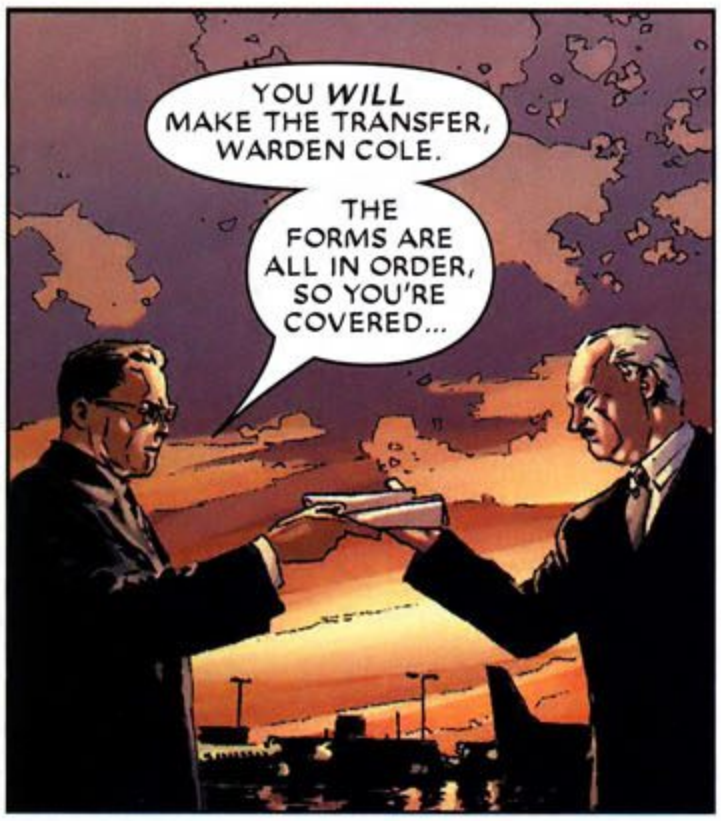
GOOD.

'CAUSE I DON'T HAVE TIME FOR THIS...

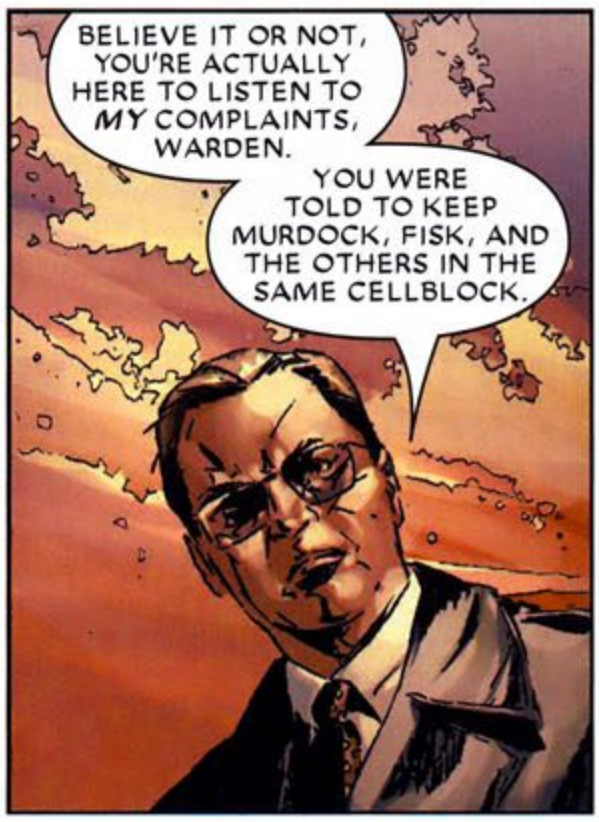
JOHN F. KENNEDY INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT

--AND OKAY, SURE, THERE'S A LOT OF THINGS I CAN STAND FOR. YOU WANNA PUT MURDOCK *AND* FISK BOTH IN RYKER'S? *OKAY.*
YOU WANT FISK TREATED LIKE ANY OTHER PRISONER, WHICH GIVES ME NEW BODIES TO COVER UP ALMOST *DAILY*, THANKS TO THE *PRICE* ON HIS HEAD? *FINE.*


BUT THIS- THIS--
YOU REALIZE I *DON'T* OPERATE WITHOUT *OVERSIGHT*, RIGHT?
IS THAT *IT?* ARE YOU DONE?
BECAUSE, AS FBI DIRECTOR, I ACTUALLY HAVE *IMPORTANT* THINGS TO DO TODAY.
SO, I'LL JUST POINT OUT THAT IT WASN'T A *REQUEST.*


YOU *WILL* MAKE THE TRANSFER, WARDEN COLE.
THE FORMS ARE ALL IN ORDER, SO YOU'RE COVERED...

TEMPORARY TRANSFER FOR CELL RETROFITTING ON THE RAFT?
THAT'S RIDICULOUS.


BELIEVE IT OR NOT, YOU'RE ACTUALLY HERE TO LISTEN TO *MY* COMPLAINTS, WARDEN.
YOU WERE TOLD TO KEEP MURDOCK, FISK, AND THE OTHERS IN THE SAME CELLBLOCK.

HEY! THESE MEN *ALL* HAVE LAWYERS. MOST OF WHOM FILED OFFICIAL COMPLAINTS ABOUT THE HOUSING SITUATION. I HAD NO CHOICE *BUT* TO MOVE THEM.

THEY'RE IN THE SAME PRISON. THEY STILL TRY TO KILL EACH OTHER ON THE YARD AND IN THE LAUNDRY ROOM. ISN'T THAT ENOUGH?

OKAY. BUT YOU PUT MURDOCK INTO *PROTECTED CUSTODY?*

LEGALLY, MURDOCK IS A *BLIND MAN.*

WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT.

WHAT THE HELL DOES THAT MEAN?

DON'T YOU WORRY ABOUT IT FOR NOW.

JUST GO BACK TO YOUR LITTLE ISLAND HELL AND DON'T TICK ME OFF ANYMORE.

A GOOD START WOULD BE FOLLOWING MY ORDERS.

DIRECTOR, I'VE GOT SENATOR ENGEL HOLDING FOR YOU.

I'VE GOT TO TAKE THIS CALL, WARDEN.

MAKE SURE THE WARDEN GETS TO HIS *HELICOPTER,* AMY.

OF COURSE, SIR.

DAVID, I'VE BEEN MEANING TO CALL ALL--

...kkkkggkkkkhhh...

FOGGY... YOU SLEPT HERE *AGAIN?*

UHMMM... YEH GUESS SO, BECKY...

AW, *GOD* --WHAT TIME IS IT?

RELAX, I JUST CAME IN EARLY TO CATCH UP...

THEY'RE REALLY PILING ON THE *MOTIONS*, AREN'T THEY?

THAT'S HOW THE GOVERNMENT *WINS*, BECK, THEY DROWN YOU IN PAPERWORK. NOT THAT IT'S GOING TO HELP THEM.

I'M GOING TO KICK THEIR WEAK-@$$ CASE UP AND DOWN THE BLOCK.

SEE, *THAT'S* WHY I CAME BACK... FOR A *FIGHT*.

I'LL GO START THE COFFEE...

GOOD, YOU'RE ALREADY HERE.

MORNING, DAKOTA.

THE MAN IN?

HE'S IN THERE SOME-WHERE. TRY THE BATHROOM.

WE'VE GOT TROUBLE.

I'M SHAVING HERE.

WELL, YOU'RE GONNA WANT TO USE THE ***TOILET*** IN A MINUTE. I JUST GOT A CALL FROM MY GUY AT THE BUREAU.

WHAT NOW?

THEY'RE GOING TO ***CHALLENGE*** MURDOCK'S NEED TO BE IN ***PROTECTIVE CUSTODY.***

WHAT? HE'S A ***BLIND MAN.*** HOW CAN THEY--

THEY'RE GOING TO.

THEORY IS, IF HE'S ***DAREDEVIL,*** HE SHOULD BE ABLE TO GET ALONG ***FINE*** IN GEN POP.

THEY HAVEN'T ***PROVED*** HE'S DAREDEVIL.

BUT THEY ***HAVE*** MADE A STRONG ENOUGH ***CASE*** TO HAVE HIM ***LOCKED UP,*** SO...

WE'VE GOT TO GET IN TO SEE ***MATT.***

Protected Custody inmates are kept in their cells most of the day. That's how they protect us from the Gen Pop.

But today I get to go to the infirmary, to get my bandages removed, finally.

My wound has been healed all week, but I didn't want to draw attention to it.

And in a place like the infirmary, you never know who you'll run into... like Carlos LaMuerto, the Black Tarantula...

HELLO, CARLOS.

SEE? THAT'S WHY I SAY YOU AIN'T AS *BLIND* AS YOU SAY, DAWG.

KNOWIN' IT'S ME BEFORE I SAY $#?% TO YOU.

NO MYSTERY. IT'S *TUESDAY*, AND EVERY TUESDAY THE DOCTOR GIVES YOU THE *SHOT* THAT PREVENTS YOU FROM HAVING SUPER-POWERS IN HERE.

DAWG.

YOU OFF THE HOOK...KNOWIN' ALL THAT FROM THAT PROTECTED WING.

I MAY BE *BLIND*, BUT I HEAR JUST FINE.

MAYBE... MAYBE NOT. YOU *HEAR* HOW FISK DID MY VATOS YESTERDAY?

The showers are currently under repair, because Kingpin smashed some walls and damaged the plumbing when he killed four of LaMuerto's men in a fight said to last all of six seconds.

LIL' ZAPATA'S HEAD GOT TWISTED 'ROUND LIKE SOME DEVIL MOVIE.

FOUR TO ONE AGAINST KINGPIN. NOT NEARLY ENOUGH MEN FOR A HIRED ASSASSINATION.

WASN'T LIKE THAT. FAT MAN PEELED MY ESE'S ONION BASED ON A ***ASSUMPTION.***

MY ADVICE? DON'T SEND YOUR MEN TO SHOWER WITH WILSON FISK.

NOW, IS THERE SOMETHING YOU ***WANT?***

S'POSED TO BE A SMART MAN, BUT YOU AIN'T PICKIN' UP.

WORD IS, YOU GONNA BE HERE FOR AWHILE, AN' A LOTTA CONVICTS, THEY SEE THAT AS MORE TIME TO PUT A ***SHIV*** IN YER GUT...

...BUT THE SHOT-CALLERS UP IN HERE, WE DON'T SEE IT LIKE THAT.

MAN WITH ***YOUR*** SKILLS, DAWG... TOO ***VALUABLE*** TO WASTE.

SEE, 'CAUSE THE $#@% BE READY TO JUMP OFF SOON. AN' WHEN IT ***DOES,*** WELL...YOU BETTER KNOW WHICH SIDE YOU ***ON...***

KNOWHUT I'M SAYIN'?

I THINK *YOU* THINK I'M SOME-ONE *ELSE.*

BUT YOU, THE PAPERS, AND THE FEDS... HAVE *ALL* GOT IT *WRONG.*

I'M JUST A LAWYER. SO UNLESS YOU WANT SOME *LEGAL* ADVICE...YOU'RE WASTING *BOTH* OUR TIME.

IF YOU REALLY WAS JUST *THAT,* THINK YOU'D BE TALKIN' TO ME WITH THAT *MOUTH?*

THINK ABOUT IT, MURDOCK. GOTTA PICK A *SIDE*...AN' I KNOW YOU *WHITE,* BUT YOU AIN'T WITH OWL AN' HAMMERHEAD AN' THEM.

DON'T SEE YOU HOOKIN' UP WITH MORGAN AND HIS HOMEBOYS, NEITHER.

SO YOU AIN'T GOT A LOTTA OPTIONS *LEFT,* DAWG...

WELL, *THAT* WAS PLEASANT.

YEAH, AN' HERE I THOUGHT HE WAS GONNA SHANK YA.

NOW ROLL IT *UP,* MURDOCK, WE GOT PLACES TO BE.

On the way back to my cell, the guard takes me for a little detour.

I don't ask where we're going, because we head away from civilian eyes, away from the surveillance cameras...

...and over the constant roar of prison life, C.O. McHenry's pulse begins to race in my ears.

HELLO, MURDOCK...I *TOLD* YOU I'D SEE YOU *SOON.*

AND I TOLD *YOU* THAT YOU'D MADE A MISTAKE.

ACTUALLY, YOU TOLD ME TO *SHOVE* IT, BUT THERE WEREN'T ANY GUARDS AROUND THEN, SO YOU COULD BE *YOURSELF,* RIGHT?

I'M *NOT* DAREDEVIL.

NO, OF *COURSE* NOT. I SEE IN THE *BUGLE* THAT DAREDEVIL'S STILL RUNNING AROUND HELL'S KITCHEN.

BUT MY SOURCE TELLS ME NOT TO *BELIEVE* EVERYTHING I READ.

AND YOUR *POINT* IS?

MY POINT IS, IT'S TIME YOU LEARNED WHERE YOU ARE, MURDOCK...

WHAT'S GOING ON BACK IN THE WORLD, THAT DON'T MATTER HERE.

YOU ARE IN ***PRISON***...AND THERE'S ONLY ONE THING THAT ***MATTERS.*** HOW ***FAR*** WILL YOU GO?

FOR ***WHAT?***

SURVIVAL.

KAANG

HEY!

UHHTT--

NOW THERE'S NO ONE ELSE HERE... NO GUARDS, NO CAMERAS.

NO REASON TO KEEP ***PRETENDIN'*** YOU'RE SOME INNOCENT BLIND GUY.

THIS IS A ***MISTAKE.*** YOU'RE MAKING A MISTAKE...

NO. THIS IS A ***LESSON.*** THE GOON SQUAD'LL BE HERE IN TWO MINUTES.

AND EITHER YOU'LL BE A CORPSE... OR YOU'LL HAVE A ***LOT*** OF EXPLAINING TO DO.

WELCOME TO PRISON, ***DAREDEVIL.***

Razor blade in a toothbrush. Barely misses an artery.

This one's pretty fast.

But then, I'm rusty... Not enough sleep.

No practice.

This'll have to do.

Have to make sure they slice each other up, not me.

Radar sense makes that easy enough.

Not that it's going to make any difference in the short term.

Time is against me.

This whole prison is against me.

I know how this is going to end...No matter what I do.

ON THE FLOOR! NOW!

I play dumb, say McHenry walked us into the middle of a gang-fight and I hid in a corner.

But like I said, I know how it's going to end... with me in solitary.

Didn't help that all the gang members were from the **same** gang, but it was the best I could do on short notice.

But why would Hammerhead want me here?

Better place for a **trap**. Is that it?

A steel door instead of bars. A smaller, more isolated cell.

Footsteps outside my cell.

CLUNK

ALL RIGHT. ROLL IT ***UP***, MURDOCK... YOUR ***LAWYER'S*** HERE.

SOLITARY? MATT, I THOUGHT YOU WERE GOING TO KEEP A LOW PROFILE?
I HAD TO RAISE HELL ABOUT YOUR RIGHTS JUST TO GET THIS VISIT, EVEN.
IT WASN'T LIKE I HAD A CHOICE, FOGGY.
I SHOULD'VE JUST LET MYSELF GET STABBED...OR WORSE?
NO, OF COURSE NOT, BUT MATT...THIS IS GOING TO LOOK...I MEAN...

SOMEONE GAVE ME A COPY OF THE BUGLE. TELL ME THAT ISN'T YOUR DOING.
IT ISN'T. BUT I HAVE TO SAY, IT'S THE FIRST GOOD NEWS I'VE SEEN IN THE PAPERS LATELY.
REASONABLE DOUBT?
NOTICE

AS GOOD AS WE'RE GONNA GET.
WHO IS THAT THERE WITH YOU?
WHAT? OH. THAT'S OUR NEW INVESTIGATOR, DAKOTA NORTH.

JESSICA'S BUSY WITH THE BABY, SO SHE RECOMMENDED A FRIEND.
SHE'S GOOD, AND SHE'S GOT A MOLE AT THE BUREAU, WHICH IS WHY WE'RE HERE.
THE FEDS ARE TRYING TO GET YOU PUT INTO GEN POP.
THAT FIGURES. THEY WANT ME DEAD BEFORE WE FORCE THEM TO TRIAL.

DEAD? THAT'S--NO. LOOK, MATT... I KNOW THIS SUCKS, BUT...

WHEN'S THE HEARING ON YOUR MOTION TO MOVE UP THE TRIAL?

NEXT WEEK...UNLESS THE FEDS PUT IN FOR ANOTHER EXTENSION.

THEY WILL. THEY CAN'T WIN AT TRIAL AND THEY KNOW IT.

JURIES STILL DON'T REALLY UNDERSTAND DNA...SO THAT'S OUT.

AND THEY KNOW IF I GET UP ON THE STAND AND SAY I'M NOT DAREDEVIL, IT'S ALL OVER.

NO NEW YORK JURY WILL CONVICT ME, EVEN IF THEY THINK I'M LYING.

YOU--YOU CAN'T TESTIFY, MATT.

WHAT? YOU KNOW WHAT IT LOOKS LIKE IF I DON'T TESTIFY.

AND I KNOW WHAT IT IS IF YOU DO.

FOGGY... THIS IS-- I'M IN PRISON...

I HAVE TO GET OUT OF HERE.

I KNOW... BUT, HOW FAR DO WE TAKE IT?

WHAT LINE DO WE NOT CROSS TO GET YOUR LIFE BACK?

I DON'T KNOW...

--HE GOING TO HOLD UP?

HE'S ***STARTING*** TO SINK, WHICH WORRIES ME. I'VE SEEN HIM ***LOSE IT*** A FEW TIMES, IN A BIG WAY.

THE GUY HAS HAD A ***TOUGH LIFE***, Y'KNOW? AND NOW ***THIS...***

C2

Back in my cell in solitary, something's different.

WE GOTTA TRY TO GET ANOTHER APPEAL ON ***BAIL.***

HE'S ***BLIND...*** YOU'D THINK AN ANKLE MONITOR WOULD BE--

A note?

DON'T WE GO DOWN--

PIPE THEY WERE TRYIN' TO REPAIR JUST BURST. WHOLE HALLWAY'S FLOODED.

GOTTA GO AROUND.

Solitary aint the lesson. The lesson is maybe we cant hurt you but when yer behind cement walls and iron doors who can you protect?

JUST THROUGH HERE.

FOGGY.

HEY... THIS-- HEY!
FOGGY...?
SLAM
WHAK
AAH!
YOU LEAVE HER ALONE!
HER? WE AIN'T HERE FOR HER.
SURE... NORMALLY WE'D BE INCLINED THAT WAY, BUT TODAY...
...TODAY IS ALL ABOUT YOU AND YOUR FRIEND DAREDEVIL.
HELP!! SOMEBODY HELP US!
STAY AWAY FROM ME!

Listen, Matt, think. Cut out everything else... Where are they?

--AWAY FROM ME!

KRAK

GUARD! GUARD!

UNH!

THE HELL *YOU* WANT, MURDOCK?

LISTEN TO ME! THERE'S AN ATTACK--*RIGHT NOW!*

THEY'RE ATTACKING MY *LAWYER!*

AND YOU KNOW THIS HOW?

LISTEN TO ME! YOU'VE GOTTA *HELP!*

FOGGY! NOOO!

ONLY THING I GOTTA DO IS GET BACK TO MY CROSS-WORD, INMATE.

DAMN YOU! LISTEN TO ME!

UK...?

No...what was that--that sound? I know that sound.

LET'S ROLL.

A knife, slipping into flesh.

FOGGY...? OH GOD... I'M HERE, FOGGY. IT'LL BE OKAY...IT'S NOT THAT--

...HURTS... I CAN'T...

His heart is still beating.

HELP! SOMEBODY--

--HELP ME! I NEED HELP HERE!

POOOM POOOM

His heart is still beating.

His heart is still beating.

His heart is still beating.

POOOM POOOM

POOOM POOOM OOOM

4

HEH HEH HEH...

TO BE CONTINUED...